

THE DEMOCRAT-SENTINEL.

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LOGAN, HOCKING COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1908.

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Rapidly Thinning Are the Ranks of the Old Veterans of the Civil War



Program

Officer of the Day W. S. Larimer
Master of Ceremony R. G. McManigal
Reception Committee F. W. Dillman
S. Weldy, S. H. Bright, W. W. McDonald
The decoration of graves at 9:30 a. m.
standard, by school children. Formed on
Market street between Second and Hunter
and marched to cemeteries preceded by
band.

Formation of parade for afternoon exer-
cises at G. A. R. Hall at 1:30 p. m. standard.
1. Band.
2. Firing Squad.
3. U. S. Knights of St. John.
4. Woman's Relief Corps.
5. Ladies Auxiliary.
6. Sons of Veterans.
7. J. K. Rochester Post, G. A. R.

8. Visiting Soldiers, Spanish American
and Philippine Veterans.
The procession moved west on Main street
to intersection of Gallagher avenue—Coun-
ter marched to Market street—Thence north
on Market to Grand Army Circle, where
Memorial Service were held by Post and
Corps—Then counter marched to Presby-
terian Church, where the following service
were held:

Musical Duet The Misses Vail
Invocation Rev. T. B. White
Solo Miss Edie Myers
"Lincoln's Gettysburg Address"
..... H. R. Harrington
Memorial Address Hon. R. H. Jones
Song, Audience America
Benediction Rev. C. R. Wilson

WE CANNOT watch the rapidly thinning ranks of the old soldiers and the efforts they make against age and infirmity, without being impressed with the vanity of man's strength and material efforts. We cannot contemplate the period covered by the celebration of Memorial Day and the period of wonderful development of this Nation since the Civil war, without being as deeply impressed with the fact that principles are deathless and that, though the bodies of men grow enfeebled, their steps falter and their physical elements pass away, yet the truth for which they contended, the right in which they believed, the idea for which they have lived and struggled, are eternal and immortalize those who have stood for them.

Soon, all too soon in the course of nature, there will be no veterans of the civil war. The low mounds underneath which all that is mortal of most of them already rest will soon sink to the level of earth's surface. We shall but vaguely remember what manner of men these were, and know only sparingly of their deeds. We shall have such large burdens and problems of our own that we can recall but vaguely, for inspirations sake what they bore and worked out. Shall the spirit always prevail, and shall Memorial Days always maintain in America? Will the coming generation, yet unborn, let lethargy fetter their patriotism and cause them to forget the sacred day, and permit it to grow into disuse, at the passing of the personal element that hallows it? The spirit of Americanism answers, "Never."

The memory of the heroes will grow broader and grander and more enduring. The memory of the soldier will be more revered as the blessings of their lives and struggles more develop and be-

come manifest. This Nation is growing to prize and revere its mighty and heroic dead, more and more each year. Not because of their personalities, but because of the deathless faith for which they stood, and the inspiration it gives to us in the grueling, wearying common place demands and duties of the day.

The struggles of the civil war gave the American people a treasure and a responsibility of which even those who have handed it over to us had no adequate conception. We are but feebly conscious of our duty and our destiny, and the right lines upon which to work it out. But we do realize in increasing numbers that such occasion as Memorial Day give us special opportunity to unite, to draw near to the shrine of patriotic inspirations whence we may take new courage and wisdom and endurance and power for the unknown emergencies of the future.

There is inspiration in the assembling of the little children, bearing flowers to pay tribute to the fallen fathers that made it possible for them to have pretty and comfortable homes and happy fireside. Marching beside the bent and aged veterans that remain with us, is a benediction, a reverential consanguinity of American perpetuity.

On Saturday, the celebration here was above the average. Multitudes of children and pretty flowers, and the proud veterans surviving, the firing squad and the St. John escort; all bore on and up the memorable occasion, that the deeds of heroes shall live.

Capt. W. S. Larimer was officer of the day and B. C. McManigal, Master of Ceremony. The exercises passed off according to program and were most impressive. The band music was first class, furnished by the Pleasantville

band.

In the forenoon at 9 o'clock the children with flowers formed a parade on Market street, near the post office and marched to the cemetery and by assistance of Soldiers and Relief Corps Committee the graves of the fallen comrades were decorated with beautiful flowers.

In the afternoon the parade formed at the G. A. R. hall and marched to head of Main street, and counter marched to Market, thence to the cemetery, where at the G. A. R. circle and monument, the ritualistic memorial services were held by the Post and Relief Corps. Returning to the church a most interesting program was had. The duets sung by the Misses Vail was most beautiful as was the number by Miss Edie Myers. Rev. T. B. White presented the invocation and Rev. Wilson the benediction. Mr. H. R. Harrington held the audience by his recitation of "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address."

The speaker of the day was Hon. R. H. Jones, of Jackson. He is an elderly gentleman and a soldier, and his address was most masterful. His historic camp-fire memories, and his eloquent eulogy of the boys that withstood the elements of nature and the shock of battle, was most impressive. Mr. Jones is indeed eloquent, and his hearers were heard to say on all sides, that his was the best address listened to in Logan for many years.

Once more the Memorial day has passed into history. How many of the veterans of today will live to celebrate the memories of their comrades one year from now. May their lives be spared and health be theirs for many years, and the lives of those gone before will remain with us, a benediction for bravery and loyalty to the flag.

Roster of the Honored Dead That Sleep In Logan Cemeteries

Joseph Friesner	Samuel W. Barnes	Geo. Lehman	Samuel Stradley
Wesley Haines	George Buzzell	Culver Smith	Bernie Davenport
John Deffenbaugh	Robert Ashbaugh	James McGravey	John Shoor
Andrew Garey	Chas. W. Horton	Patrick Winn	Nicholas Fox
John Maynard	Charles James	George Beck	Daniel Sweeney
James Rochester	Chas. Kleinschmidt	John Perry	James Gallagher
Lloyd Myers	Jacob L. Myers	Jacob Kreschbaum	George Hartman
John Tennyhill	Wm. Haines	Andrew Stewart	James Arnold
Ford Drake	Peter Leonard	A. Misner	Bill Thompson
James Root	John Bragg	Capt. C. W. Clowe	Isaac Hafnes
Elliot Rathburn	David Miller	Frank Dixon	Peter Castell
Bill England	David Angle	John C. Wolf	Charles Canty
Coon Tigner	Bill Hare	David Lanning	W. H. Martin
Jeff Cline	Canady Lynn	Joseph H. Brown	Russell Barnes
Henry Baker	E. L. Davenport	Col. F. F. Rempel	Phillip Slisler
Daniel Hawkins	Joseph Tennyhill	Aaron Price	Henry Lyons
Wolford Stiers	Charles Strentz	Oath Kanode	Wm. Stallsmith
Bill Ambrose	Harry Comer	Erastus Vanhorn	Abe Welty
Gottlieb Buntz	John Petty	John Fresner	Wm. Brown
Ellick Hawkins	William Kanode	Ras. McLaughlin	Capt. T. E. Baker
Jacob Wehman	Robert Sanderson	John Rochester	Wm. Pence
Joseph Fox	John Westenhaver	Sol Rhoades	James Apelgate
Wm. Webb	John Dixon	Isaac McFadden	David Reynolds
John Lift	Henry Davis	George Reynolds	David Hand
Simeon Evans	Ben Vannatta	Dr. W. G. Williams	John Riskey
Henry Kelly	Joseph Toole	Gottlieb Broonie	Charles Taylor
Wm. Lytle	J. J. Myers	Louis Delp	George Cook
Godfrey Klye	Capt. Gil M. Webb	Maynard Pond	Robert Work
Col. Younat	Jackson Hayes	Milton Baird	Thomas Allen
Samuel Thompson	George Thompson	George Hartman	Milton Gaffney
Capt. Geo. Angle	Simeon Evans, Jr.	Gust Floyd	Jacob Butin
John Roof	Fred Bailey	Com. Conoway	Peter Kitsmiller
Frank Shades	Wm. Montgomery	Cap. Bowen	John Strentz
Peter Lytle	Abraham Hutton	Wm. Westenhaver	Oatly Spaneson
Geo. W. Smith	Jesse H. Nutter	Samuel Mauk	John W. Tritsch
Phillip Thompson	Thomas Keller	Oliver Oaks	James McConnell
Perry Moorehead	Samuel Stinchfield	Allen W. Oldfield	Lewis Blosser

Old Si Visits Haynes, and Trys His Luck at Fishing

EDITOR DEMOCRAT-SENTINEL: I arrived at Haynes, last Tuesday, and was very fortunate in getting entertainment at E. E. Kitchens. My accommodations were first class, necessarily my stay was very agreeable, and if anything, my stay was made more delightful by the acquaintance of the youngest of the family and the "boss" of the home, a baby boy as handsome as his mother and as pleasant as his dad. We were soon fast friends and had a royal good romp and a genuine good time. After supper the eldest son and I took our poles and started for Salt Creek. We examined the waters and decided to cast our lines in the hole washed out by last years flood, and in which our commissioners had so kindly and considerably driven piles and dumped rock and stone, making a delightful summer resort for "pumpkinseed" and "bull-heads." We baited up well with angle worms. They immediately began to bite (the mosquitoes) and stripped our hooks about as fast as we could bait. But virtue has its own reward. We got a genuine old-fashioned shovelhead bite. It was only a question of how much it weighed, I guessed and the lad guessed, and I yanked him out. It was a bullhead, one of the seventeen-to-a pound variety, all head and horns. We quit.

In the morning I started up Coal Branch, went clear to its head and up and over the ridge to the head

of Spoon Run. Coming down Spoon Run, I saw for the first time this season, the farmers plowing corn. J. M. Orr, with a couple of assistants was working the side hill. It was an extra good stand and about as nice a field of corn as a person would wish to see. I continued on down Spoon run to Haynes, taking my dinner with Mr. Kitchen. After dinner I started up Salt Creek for Happy Hollow, but was called off and over to Sam's Creek. I had the pleasure of meeting and having a chat with Mr. Samuel Rizer and family. They are very pleasantly situated, have a nice farm and buildings, and enjoy themselves. After leaving Mr. Rizer's I went over to D. L. Archer's. I found Mr. Archer and son taking a rest, and was very intelligently and agreeably entertained with current events. Mr. Archer has about 75 acres of bottom land as pretty and as level as you'd wish to see, and just as fertile as any on the Salt Creek bottoms. About one half is in corn and they were plowing and replanting. He has bright corn promises. On leaving Mr. Archers I cut across the fields to Bert Karshner's. Here I was more than interested. They were shearing sheep. It was a sight to me, a grand sight. Shanon Vanfossen and Frank Hoey, experts, were employed by Nelson Karshner to do the shearing. The way they handled the sheep was a caution.

There was not a blade nor a struggle, the sheep just laid in their arms as quietly as an infant on its mother's breast, and to the merry click, click of the shears the fleeces were turned back in even rolls with even and beautiful regularity. They were on their twenty-ninth sheep, thirty being considered a good day's work. This putting the notion in my head, as I was some two miles from Haynes, the place I had calculated in spending the night, that I had better be going. Mr. Karshner has 75 head and the fleeces will average about 8 pounds. He will have about 600 pounds to dispose of at less than Grover Cleveland prices. It seems strange that farm necessities go up and farm products go down under this grand imperialistic billion dollar administration, but such is the case, and the farmer is compelled to stand and deliver.

After leaving Mr. Karshners I hustled to Haynes, getting there just in time to quarrel with Kitchen's boys over a good supper. After supper, the boys and I went fishing in the bull-head hole. We had angle worms, not quite but near, as large as telephone poles and how they did wiggle and twist and squirm. If there ever was a bait that would tickle a shovelhead or jim bass, we had 'em. But it was no go. The lightning flashed and the thunders rolled, but nary a nibble. We got

disgusted and went home. I could not understand why, but it was made plain to me when I learned that Commissioner Weymueller sat on the same pile while viewing the work preparatory to accepting that contract, and allowed his trilbys to paddle in the watter. In a day or two after there were thousands of fish caught in the narrow struggling for breath. They had been strangled. Even Jim Haynes, the veteran Salt Creek fisherman, never saw the like. If Commissioner Weymueller ever has occasion to view another job on Salt Creek he'll have to do it from one of the bridges, for he'll never be allowed to get his feet in Salt Creek waters again. Poor fish.

In the morning I took occasion to investigate the business enterprises of Haynes. The first to come under my observations was the general store of Hunter & Kitchen. It is useless for me to undertake to specify what they keep, and the very sensible and short way to do it is to say "Everything." That means in the dry goods, the grocery, the hardware and tinware, in fact everything and anything required in that neighborhood, and in quantities that supply. E. E. Kitchen is in the management, and is the right man for the right place. He is a genial, accommodating man, and his friends are the residents of the country round, they are all his customers.

He buys posts and produce. H. O. Layfollett's is the next business house in evidence. He has a general store and is unusually well supplied. He buys country produce, railroad ties, telephone poles and lumber, and does a rattling good business. He is a pleasant man to deal with, honest, courteous and accommodating, and has hosts of friends and legions of customers. Postmaster C. W. Hoy, located right at the station, does a good business. The postoffice is in his place of business and attracts lots of transient custom. Mr. Hoy has an elegant stock of groceries and notions, the kind and quality that suit and the prices move. He runs a huxter wagon and not only supplies his customers but buys all their produce. He makes a specialty of purchasing railroad ties, and since January has shipped 31 cars. He is an honest, jolly business man and has the respect and confidence of all who know him.

Haynes is to have, in the near future, an M. E. Church. The promoters are Levi Gardner, Thos. Hockman, Elmer Kennedy, E. E. Kitchen and Oscar Poling. Mr. Gardner has agreed to donate the land and is willing to subscribe a hundred dollars besides. There will be a probable membership of fifty, consisting of the leading and representative citizens of Salt Creek Valley. God speed the

good work. After completing my business investigation at Haynes, Sam's Creek attracted my attention. There were a few up the creek that were not on your list, so I concluded I'd hunt them up. And I succeeded. I had a short talk with F. A. Davis. He was plowing his potatoes, and I may be mistaken, but some how or other it occurred to me that he was wishing for anything or anybody to turn up as an excuse for a short rest. It was hot, awful hot, 90 in the shade, and the shade from the barn furnished a pleasant place for a chat. Mr. Davis not only wished the DEMOCRAT-SENTINEL good luck but directed me up the hollow and over the hill where I could, possibly, get a subscriber or two. And I did. Going up over the ridge to the Salt Creek side I reached Elsworth Weaver's just as Mrs. Weaver was getting dinner. "Mr. Weaver is over the hill dealing with a stock buyer. He will be back shortly. Will you wait and have dinner," asked Mrs. Weaver. Would I? Did I? Well, I guess yes. I shed my coat, my vest, my hat, my collar and laid aside my circus umbrella and commenced making friends with the little ones. So well did I succeed that the boy "hired with me" to help solicit. He was in dead earnest too, and after dinner he prepared himself for travel. But we rearranged matters

and he'll be prepared to go the next time I get around. I had an excellent, enjoyable dinner, and when pap goes to town the little ones will enjoy a nice package of candy with Old Si. After dinner I rolled down the hill to Sam's Creek and got up as far as Preston Robinson's by evening and was entertained for the night. Mrs. Robinson was a Stivison and is well and favorably known to many of your Logan readers. After supper we all gathered in front of the house for rest and social converse. A neighbor and his family came over and we had a jolly time. We talked on every subject imaginable, from corn pone to air ships, and from politics to theology, and my hope is that they were all as much benefited as I. Roy Robinson, the 18-year-old son, had just received a certificate to teach from the Pickaway board and was as proud as a peacock. Roy is an intelligent, industrious young man, and we predict for him a bright future. I passed a very satisfactory night, and after a good breakfast and a nice close shave by Roy, started for the head of Sam's Creek. I reached the last house, John Whealdon's, about 10:30. My but it was hot. Mr. Whealdon is known to many of your Logan people, and some years back was employed in Logan

(Continued on last page.)